PATHFINDER

1965

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SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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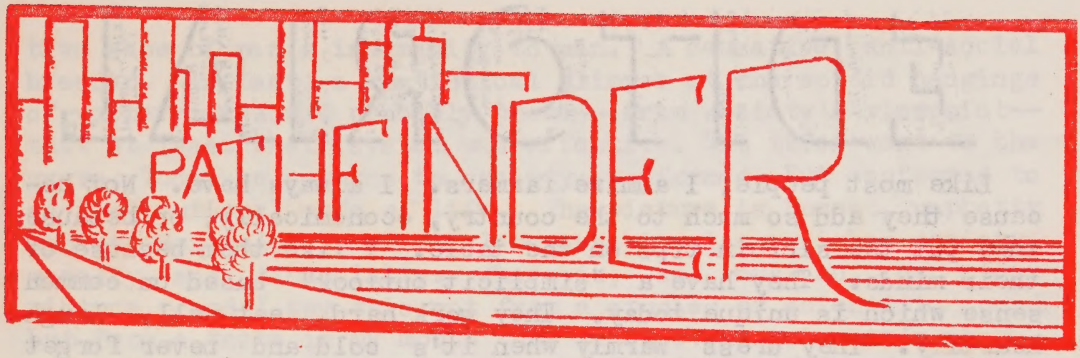

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EDITORIAL

Like most people, I admire farmers. I always have. Not because they add so much to the country, economically, or because they put the sirloin tips on the table. I like them because of their minds. They have a "simplicit outlook" based on common sense which is unique today. They work hard, eat well, laugh heartily. They dress warmly when it's cold and never forget their rubbers. Intellectually they may not know who or what are molecules, mollycoddling, and Molly Flanders. And they don't seem to care too much. Practicality has taught them that life is acceptance of uncontrollable things and that knowledge of their work is profitable. The "doing" part to them is the most important one. They have no time for comtemplation of anything abstract. The book-of-the-month-club is their stimulation and travel ticket. But they know. They know in uncomplicated ways. Simple, earthy stand-up-and-look-ways. Not couch-probe-analyst-answers, but the tried and true human ones that have stood up against the rains of change.

No, I'm not a farmer. I wish I were. But, I'm sure, and you can wager your city frustrations on this, that today's ultra-thinkers would benefit from a here-and-now style of thinking. What appears as so stark, staring simple to the farmer is a stockpile of confusion to us. It's amazing. It really is. At least to my citified mind.

Probably because the penal question has always been such an awkward and controversial one it's reasonable to assume that this area should be more clouded than others. It is. Yesterday's penal thinking, todays and tomorrows, was, is and always will be wrong. It's a simple fact, based on a simpler premise. The premise of man and life, or life and man. It's the same and one, and inescapable. There is nothing profound about this; nor am I being dogmatic. As long as penology goes against the basic urge of life, i.e., freedom; then it is wrong. Theorize all you like, and in every which-way. There is, and I allow for emphasis here, no verbal space to argue that three walls and a barred door is conceivably right, or near-right as a deterrent to crime. It's a lock-up of mind, heart and soul, and a reflec-

tive show of man's inhumanity to man. A causative, anti-social breeder. In fact, a statistical glimpse at the sordid hangings of yesteryear would probably prove——from society's viewpoint—— that at least their system was effective. The thief went to the grave. Today he returns to society; conformed. But conformed to an institutional mode of life. The picture is honest, unpretty and paradoxical. Paradoxical because it also punishes society, morally and financially. There is, and must be, no other picture, and I say this not from a studied or scientific mound, but from a taste in my mouth that is in every prisoner's mouth. Or rather, the absence of a taste. The taste of freedom.

As a keeper, the farmer knows freedom. He knows it in many different ways. He knows that the penned bull's bawls are an outpouring of his frustrations, not belligerency. That sudden freedom is intoxicating. I grant you that the inmate is capable of thinking, and is in no way comparable to a bull, although you would be correct in assuming that there is a little bull in some, but the effect of sudden release is similar. The inmate falls, falters and misbehaves for quite some time after he is released from an institution. It's a predictable thing. There is no cause for deep pondering or psychological thought. It's simplicity itself.

And this accent on simplicism is the crux and plea of this editorial. It's not a firing of bitter, verbal darts at this country's penal policy, or a loose suggestion that we should all become wheat farmers. But, it is an angry, constructive tirade at society's stand-off attitude toward the inmate, and the penal field in general. It's also a pointed finger at the need for a plain, simple approach in penal planning. One that is effective in every area, yet protective and remunerative to society and the inmate.

The aged, but well advanced, country of Sweden has a highly successful penal system that functions without bars, walls, or the Habitual Criminal Act. The question now seems to be a pertinent one. What is stopping a young Canada from planning on this type of building, instead of maximum-detention units?

THANKS TO THE EDITORS OF:- THE CARILLON, THE MANITOBAN, THE MEL-FORT JOURNAL and THE MINNEDOSA TRIBUNE.

Farewells

Past editor of PATHFINDER, emcee, committeeman, qualified speaker, projectionist, and—well, you name it and chances are that DOUG BEVANS has worked at it, on it, or was in it. On top of all this, he's a professional and prolific writer with a magnetic personality that even manages to bounce out of his writings. He's all this and more, but space and his modesty prevent a just picture here. Suffice it to say that his integrity and versatility will be missed by many in this institution.

Doug, out of Calgary, Alberta, will have in six years upon his release next month. His immediate plans for the future? Enrollment at the university, and the completion of his novel which should be in the book stores next spring under the title of "Dim Windows." Don't miss it!

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EDDIE "GRITS" GRAVES, is the name of our mad cartoonist-artist, who is talented in more areas than one. One of his biggest talents is his ability to hide a fair-sized intellect beneath the guise of buffoonery. His antic have kept the staff off-key and on-key on numerous occasions, but laughing and smiling the remainder of the time. Eddie will be returning to his home town of Windsor, Ontario, after a lapse of five years. Lately, he has been working in the poster field of art and his work is on display in downtown Prince Albert. Needless to say, it bears the mark of a professional. An example of his work can be found on page 39.

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Two other PATHFINDER writers will also be leaving us with this issue. GERRY HUPPE, our sports writer, and VERN LARSON. Vern says his goodbyes to everybody in his own witty way in an article that appears on page 18.

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We wish them all well.

Inquirer's Beat

Conducted by:-
Mike Barber.

With the rate of recidivism at its peak in the Canadian penal system, and with long-range programs being planned to reduce this rate, I felt it would be interesting to hear how the inmates feel this can be accomplished.

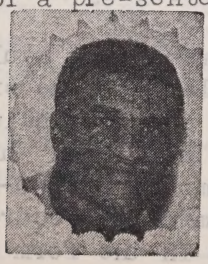
QUESTION:-

WHAT SUGGESTIONS CAN YOU MAKE TO REDUCE THE RATE OF RECIDIVISM IN CANADA'S PENAL SYSTEM?

Don Dodd, #8027

I believe that recidivism would be greatly reduced if more interest were shown toward the inmate and his problems when he arrives at the penitentiary for the first time. As it is now, the individual is left with the feeling that no one cares about him or about his future.

This feeling first takes root in the courts, where there is little or no interest in the prisoner's welfare. The accused is tried, convicted, and sentenced in a clinical atmosphere where the emphasis is placed on speed and efficiency. And, in the majority of Canadian courtrooms, he is sentenced without benefit of a pre-sentence report. This leaves him with the feeling that he has been gently pushed through a car wash—— instead of a court of law.



This lack of concern toward the inmate is, in my opinion, one of the main reasons why an inmate returns to prison, and until a more understanding approach is put into effect, there will always be an overwhelming percentage of recidivists among the inmate population.

Don Watson, #9831.

There is no doubt many suggestions that could be made concerning this issue. But to me there are two that are outstanding. There should be more financial assistance to the inmate when he leaves prison and more efficient after-care agencies.

On the first suggestion, the federal government could allot more money to the inmate for the work he does in prison. As it stands now, the top wage in a penitentiary is a paltry fifty-five cents per day. The majority of inmates never reach this grade in pay, so without dwelling on this, I'm sure the picture is clear, and that there is lots of room for improvement.

On the second suggestion, I'm sure a center would be beneficial to an inmate who may seek help or counsel. It should be run by an adequate staff of personnel capable of understanding how the inmate feels and one that can speak our language. In some states, they call these after-release centers "half-way houses." They could surely be condidered as such, where a society that has sent us here is willing to meet us truly half-way.

Earl Godard, #334.

Many factors contribute to the increasing rate of recidivism in the Canadian penal system. The primary one being, I believe, the lack of employment opportunities a man encounters upon his release. To make things even more difficult, the very limited funds at his disposal do not give him adequate time in which to secure a job, and, therefore within a short period, a week or two at the most, if he has been unable to obtain work, the end result is usually inevitable.

One suggestion I could make that would perhaps alleviate this problem to some extent would be for the Federal or Provincial governments to extend to each man upon his release, for a maximum three-month period—— or until such time that employment is secured ——a reasonably weekly subsidy in the form of

Unemployment Insurance. This assistance could be rendered without too much difficulty, and would certainly help in the majority of cases.

Gerry Aubertin, #120.

Give him a chance to earn his own self-respect, the opportunity to discover for himself the value of things earned through his own efforts. Let him build up his own confidence and experience the gratifying, satisfying feeling of accomplishment.

Open channels and doors for him and let him rush blindly into them if he wants to. Let him bash his head against stone walls or plunge into precipices if he has to. This will be no worse than what he has experienced before at the hands of do-gooders who have brought him up so far, then let him drop to come crashing down, only to emerge with less faith in human nature than before.

Let him learn for himself and have no one else to blame. DON'T try to think for him! DON'T nauseate him with stock answers and solutions to HIS problem. Only he knows how he feels, and so far he might not have admitted even to himself what is wrong. He might not know and certainly will not bare his soul to you. If you really want to help, then just listen. And let HIM figure it out. It might take him time but he will struggle and eventually he'll get it. The right way for him.

When he finally discovers there is no easy way, he'll begin to grind his own chasm, through stone, through sand; build his own bridges and ask for help when he needs it. But he will be himself and will be supported by his own legs.

For a start, do not make him feel that you think every time he opens his mouth he is just "shooting angles," and that you're away ahead of him.

There is one point you probably never thought about. You see, he could very well be sincere.

As we write this month's Sports Review, we find that there have been many strange happenings. The other day, as I strolled over to "B" Diamond, I was confronted with a startling fact. Here were the Mighty 007's downing the Jesters four games to one in a best-of-seven semi-final series in the "B" League championship tilt. Then the Hornets, in turn, took the 007's four straight.

It was a team effort for the Hornets. As Don Stromberg, the Hornet catcher, said, "We were out to win."

The pitching of George Gladue and Mex Stevenson made all the difference for the Hornets, and they were greatly helped by the hitting power.

As for the 007's, they tried. But the big bats for the Hornets were not to be silenced. Laurie Frazer, Terry Brunier, Henry Cyr, Big Dino, Red Paul, Bob Gaucher, Art Hanlon, Eddy Graves, and their pitcher——they all tried. Still, the Hornets now wear the crown.

Over at "C" League Diamond, where the shouting could be heard all the way down to Duck Lake, it was an interesting season. The seven "C" League teams were split into two divisions, "A" and "B", and the two finalists, the Orioles of "A" Division and the Pirates of "B" Division, met for the George Capstick Memorial Trophy.

In this series, the Mighty Orioles of "A" Division, who were managed by John Severight, the shrewd veteran, with Andy

Creighton pitching, emerged champs. This was accomplished by the Orioles taking the Pirates out four straight.

The "C" League, this year, formed an All-Star team and played three games against the Prince Albert Training School and Firemen combined. The first two games were won by the "C" League All-Stars, by large scores. However, the last game score was 10-9 for the All-Stars, and it was indeed a good game. The players selected for the All-Stars were: McArthur, Cote, Moser, Walbaum, Daniels, Brown, Wilson, Walkers, Ritchie, Bedford, Gaucher, Crouette, Andy Dreighton, Manager John Severight, and Coach Bob Bremner.

Now let's take a look at what happened on "A" diamond. First, we find the Astros emerging champions over the Cards. The semifinals saw the Cards take the Giants out. The Astros lineup is: Gene Groulx, the Clipper All-Star pitcher; Bergen, Roy, Evans, Patton, Quiring, Pelletier, Scrsmith and Kitch. Not much more can be said here. The Astros were a powerful club all season.

ANNUAL ALL-STAR GAME

The date of the Annual All-Star game was August 19; the time was 6:30 P.M. The place was inside these cold grey walls.

As the Clippers were warming up for this game, which only the civilian fans from town and elsewhere in the region are allowed to watch, on the once-a-year-basis, there I was with people right in front of me. Big ones, little ones, lovely ladies and fat men.

I realised that the All-Stars meant business by the way they were whipping that ball around during the warm-up. I began taking notes in secret.

"Oh, he's fast," the outsiders were saying about our blond hurler.

Gene Groulx, the blond hurler in question, heard the remark. And believe me, fans, something snapped on him. He has, since, been pitching as he never pitched before. And, incidentally, the Clippers beat the outside All-Stars 8-1. The four young ladies, who had started the stimulating comments about our pitcher, laughed all the way home.

As for Gene Groulx——to prove my point——he allowed only

three hits on the first round of the semifinals against the Jacks, to take the series two straight. All this goes to show what the power of suggestion can do. Just think what could have happened if someone at the game had said this about Jake Quiring or Norm Roy. Man, the ball would still be in orbit after they hit it.

In the second round, Gene hurled a doubleheader Sunday afternoon to also take the Royals two straight. Unfortunately, under the tension, the pace slackened. In the finals for the P.A. and District Senior "B" Fastball Championship, the Clippers were eliminated in a sudden-death game, by a score of 5-1.

The "B" League Aces, competing in the Intermediate B Fastball Championship finals, knocked off the outside Coasters in three straight, earning the right to meet the Bombers, and again the outside team beat our boys.

Here are my selections of the outstanding players, on the basis of actual statistics and performance highlights.

"A" League	Most Valuable Player:	Gene Groulx, Astros.
	Most Improved Player:	Gene Groulx, Astros.
	Rookie of the Year:	Rollie Patton, Astros.
	Sportsman of "A" League:	Rollie Patton, Astros.
"B" League	Most Valuable Player:	Old Man Hanlon, 007's.
	Most Improved Player:	George Gladue, Hornets.
	Rookie of the Year:	Terry Bremner, 007's.
	Sportsman of "B" League	Terry Bremner, 007's.
"C" League	Most Valuable Player:	Ray Moser, Reds.
	Most Improved Player:	Andy Creighton Orioles.
	Rookie of the Year:	Kenny Walbaum, Pirates.
	Sportsman of "C" League:	Archie Buro, Orioles.

With our selection of, and kudos to, Archie Buro, the speedball, fastball pitcher, we know there will be joy and dancing on B-2 tonight.

BATTING CHAMPS:	"A" LEAGUE	"B" LEAGUE	"C" LEAGUE
	Stan Bergen	Red Paul	Mac McArthur.

So, to the Champions——Astros, Hornets and Orioles——we all say, "Well done, Men!"

Now, Sport Fans, there must come a time when all things——good or bad——must come to an end. But wait! I hear the mailman coming toward my penthouse abode. Oh, it's the blind one again. He has trouble seeing my name and number, in big black type, on the front of my barred house. A letter for me? Well, what do you know? It's postmarked Old Crow, and it's from a girl named Miss Josie. Ha! She wants me to become Sports Editor for Old Crow.

And so, Mr. Billy Peacock, PATHFINDER editor, may I go to Old Crow?

To all you readers, the best to you, and to all those who have helped me in writing this column, a sincere "Thank You," and may you continue to enjoy sports.

To everyone in here, may there be better days ahead for one and all.

I am leaving for greener pastures, and I would like to leave this message with you all:

Give a man a lever and a stone, and he will proceed to move the whole world.

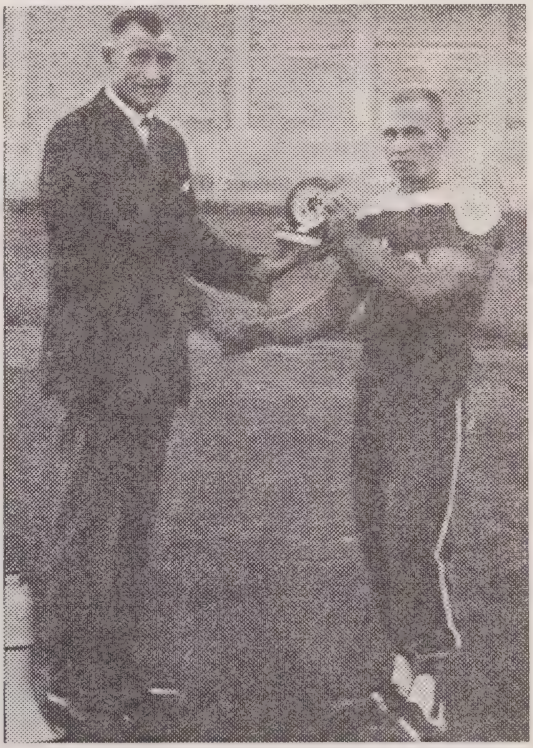


Photo at right shows the Deputy Warden, Mr. John Norfield, presenting the "Athlete of the Day", award, won by Stan Bergen of the Clippers, for his performance last July in Field Day competition.

This is the second (consecutive) year that our All-Star catcher has won the award in Annual Sports Day competition.

The trophy is donated from the Welfare Fund.

S E M I - A N N U A L E L E C T I O N S

NEW COMMITTEE VOTED IN

Elections were held on September 27th, to replace the last Inmate Committee, which had held office efficiently and effectively for its full six-month term. The new Committee takes over with the A.C.T. and the Christmas shows as the initial objective, plus the usual chores, responsibilities and obligations, and we look forward to seeing them follow in the tradition of all sincere and dedicated committees that were in and out of office.

The slate that was voted in consists of:-

Jerry Cole,
Bob Stevenson,
John McIntosh,
Bill "Kingfish" Evans,
Red Dergo,
Art Rennie (spare)

All of these men are, and have always been, active in one phase or another of inmate activity in and around the institution, and they are known to almost everybody who has been here for any length of time.

At the Annual All-Star game; Stan Bergen catching. Note; The ladies behind the backstop are visitors.

Weightlifting

by ted snowden

We can look forward to a better winter of weight-lifting this year. Thanks mostly to the efforts of Alex Wilson, Ramsay, and McFee, weight-lifting conditions have improved 100%. We still haven't received any more weights but we do have some new benches, and a new weight rack to keep the weights off the floor. This gives us more space, permits more lifters to work out, and makes the room easier to keep clean.

Weight-lifting has always been very popular in here, and as usual we have a large number of inmates working out. Far better progress is being made today than in the past, because the boys are lifting correctly and using sensible routines.

There's a lot of new groups coming in these days, but there are still many of the old regulars around. Alex Wilson's group, I think, deserves special mention. These fellows---Alex, Gene Grills, Don Tucker and Arnie Zibell---have made tremendous progress. I remember these guys when they started lifting. I've watched the sweat roll off those boys and I know the effort they put into it. Another man who's setting the weight-room on fire is Bruce (The Duke) Burt.

Last Spring, we found out too late that we could enter the Prison Power Postal Meet. When it was finally authorized for us to compete, there was only three weeks left to get ready. This wasn't enough time. It's too bad because, from the statistics gathered from our own boys and the records set in the Postal Meet, we found that, had we joined, we would have made a very good showing. This meet is a contest between penitentiaries (U.S. and Canada) for the best lifters in all divisions. I would advise anyone who is interested in this meet to start training now. You should have at least six months of lifting under your belt before you enter.

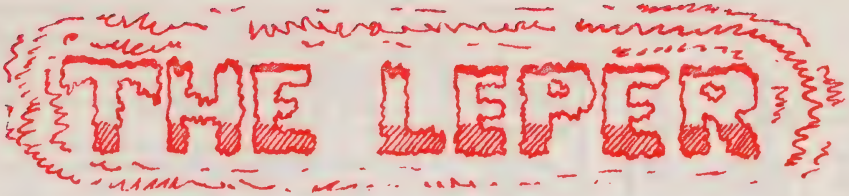
Not long ago, the biggest event of the season was run off

When Ed Ramsay, a real experienced pro from the East, challenged our youthful local champ, Don Tucker. The contest consisted of three lifts--bench press, squats, and dead lift, with the total pounds lifted determining the winner. Experience managed to edge out youth by a bare 55 pounds, and Ed ran off with all the tobacco by lifting 1110 lbs. to Don's 1055. But Tucker is an up and coming youngster who will bear watching in the future.

With the winter season coming up we can look forward to a lot of activity in the weight-room. It would be appreciated if the boys would put their weights away after they work out so that the fellows will have a better chance to clean up and get the weight-room in shape for the next evening.

That about does it, see you in the weight-room.....Ted

In the picture above are four of the weight-room regulars.



Pimp, Thief, Rapist or Murderer be
A single momentary
Thing,
Of vengeful fear and childish hate.

roy aney

How long and hard must we pay?
One, five, ten or twenty year,
Hidden by the shadow of the bars,
Hounded by our jailer's pettiest whim,
Tortured by his most ridiculous fancy,
Torn from reality and the free light of day,
Left to lie and die in the twilight grey,
Love and laughter now a falsity,
Embarrassed by our neglected privacy,
Embittered by our utter loss of dignity
This is but an introduction to the list,
Compiled under the heading, "Doing Time",
Of our deserved and just deserts.
This I argue not.
But, frightened, poor, lost and lonely,
We are let loose
To meet our jailer's employers,
Who chant,
Pimp, Thief, Rapist, or Murderer you be.

Names
White-hot and cold, a paradox,
For they scorch the mind,
Char the eyes and ears,
And freeze the heart,
Of branded and brander alike.
Words,
Invincible, irrevocable, infinitely damning
Pimps, Thieves, Rapists and Murderers we be.

he says he's lost his lighter, I think he's lost his marbels!

THE BUDDY KNOX SHOW

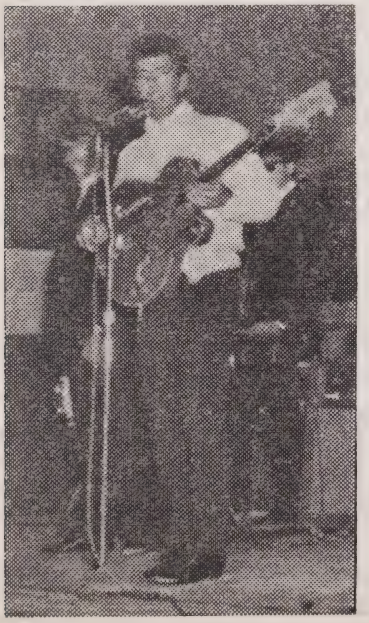
reviewed by eddy graves

With a crash of guitar chords, another stage show was under way in the institution. The day was Thursday, August 5th, and it was three in the afternoon.

The group on the stage was the well known Rhythm Orchids, featuring the popular, rapidly rising Buddy Knox.

Unlike other Rock 'N' Roll groups, the Rhythm Orchids were a versatile group who could handle all musical idioms. In their warm-up spot, before the star of the show came on, they entertained the boys of this institution royally. They featured a capable singer who played a mean tambourine, Johnny Ginakes.

One of the highlights of the show was a Beatle-topped young drummer, Bob Berge, who stole the spot while he was doing his featured solo spot on the battery. It is not usual to see such professional quality in a lad of his age. He added a lot of color to the program with his flouncing, bouncing style of showmanship.



Don White and Robert Conn rounded out the capable group.

When Buddy Knox came on, he was received with the acclaim and enthusiasm that was a true indication of his popularity in this part of the world.

He opened with Party Doll and moved right into his next number, House Without Love. As originally planned, the show was scheduled for one hour, but after Buddy Knox made his hit with the crowd, the administration stretched the schedule to allow him to go past the set limit.

I could write pages about this chap, but I'll simply close with: "Come back any time, Buddy. We love ya.

Reflections of a SHORT-TIMER

by. . . . . vernon larson

Within the red-brick confines and enclosures of the Prince Albert Penitentiary there lies——like a caged tiger——a handsome youth about to be released. Like a coiled steel spring, or a smouldering fuse, he can be seen walking with panther-like grace about the yard. Slowly, patiently, he is pacing away the last few days of his sentence.

That man, if you haven't already guessed, is ME.

Looking back, with all the dubious wisdom of hindsight, I think that I could do this two-and-a-half-bagger over again. I would crank out a very different twenty months. Not that it was an especially bad twenty; it just seems there are so many things that I never got around to doing.

For instance, I never learned to play a guitar, never raised goldfish, never learned to make handbags, and never found the program or became a Socialist. So you can see that there are many of the numerous things convicts do that I somehow missed.

However, don't think for one minute that these 600 and some odd days have been wasted. No-siree-Bob! My accomplishments have been many and varied. I can play no less than 26 different games of solitaire without cheating, and I can cut the middle out of a deck of cards with one hand. After 1312 hours of T.V. watching, I have compiled a list of 623 products I am not going to buy because their commercials are nauseating. I have read a couple of hundred books by such well-known authors as Orri Hitt, Jonathan Skin and Harvey Keck. You can bet that should I ever run across some voluptuous, scanty-clad lady spy in an opium den in Singapore, I'll know exactly how to handle the situation.

In planning for my future, I have narrowed the field down to three choices. I will become a millionaire gambler baron, like Nick the Greek, a millionaire teen-age idol, like Big Elvis, or a millionaire intelligence agent, like Danger Man

Yes, I am leaving soon, and my experience has been such that I can truly say, "Never before, in the field of human incarceration, has one man been so ready to give as much to so many."

Farewell, Goodbye, Adieu.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author would like it understood that the article above is satirical in its meaning and is intended as such.

A LETTER FROM AN INMATE'S WIFE

WHY CENSORS DEVELOP ULCERS AND INMATES GET GREY HAIR

Sept. 28, 1965

Dear Big Mouth:

Gosh, darling, a funny thing happened to me just before I went to breast-feed little Junior a few hours ago. I heard a noise at the back door, and I thought it was that snoopy old bread man. You know, the one with the blond, brush-cut that I told you about? Well, anyway, Sweetie, I was so frightened, and the baby was crying, and all that, (dirty diapers) that I threw my brassiere on the floor and fixed myself up before I went to the door. And, guess what? No, it wasn't the man from the Parole Board that you told me to watch out for, and it wasn't that smart-aleck policeman that punched you in the eye, either. It was a little guy, honey, that looked just like you and I fell in love with him right away. Honest, sugar, when I saw this little guy I knew right then that I had found someone who could replace you until you came home. It was love at first sight. We stood there and looked at each other, and he just walked in.

That's all there was to it, until Mommy came over in the morning and caught him in bed with me. Boy, she was upset! She says dogs, even little puppies, shouldn't be allowed in anyone's bed. What do you think, hon? Anyway, he's black and white and his fur is striped just like your shirts in there. I call him Joe.

Honey, I wish you'd explain yourself a little better in your letters, because I just can't understand you at times. What do you mean, "Buy bread at the store?" You sound crazy! Please don't get that stir craziness, baby. Whistle when you're in your cell, or sing, even. And, what do you mean by a load of fish coming in every day? Is that all they feed you up there? Golly, Mother would love to hear that! She always says your love for Boston Baked Beans is responsible for all your wind, (ha,ha) and that I should feed you fish (brain food) every Friday. She's a terror in more ways than one, honey. Agree?.....

I wish you'd come home for Christmas, hon.

Your ever-loving
"Biscuits"

INSIDE looking OUT

by doug bevans

I am going to use this month's issue to say something that is probably of importance only to myself. It will be the statement, quotable if you wish, of part of my beliefs and my criteria for writing. If the reader should find nothing profound here it is because some things are not profound: some things are merely honest. Please do not err by applying your gauge of right or wrong to what I believe, because what I believe is not really a question of right or wrong at all, at least not the reader's right or wrong.

I am writing this only because my right to speak and be heard has often been attacked, and always attacked on the basis of the attacker's beliefs. Who can challenge another man's right to be heard, who can dictate beliefs to another man? It is the foundation of democracy and everything we believe to be right and just that a man be allowed, freely and with no restraint, to say what he has to say. It is the sign of value and respect for every individual man and woman that this right is accorded. Voltaire once put it perfectly ehen he said, "I disagree entirely with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Here was a man who knew and accepted man's inalienable right to be heard, no matter how paltry or poor the things said might have been.

I know that some of the things I say, have said and will continue to say are far from palatable to everyone. I do not apologize for that. I know that perhaps some of the things I write, have written and will continue to write do harm to other human beings. I do apologize for that. I have no wish to harm anyone. I have no desire to be the cynical muckraker that I am. I would like very much to be able to say that I have nothing worth complaining about, that perhaps I have misled myself into believing things which are not so, but I am not honestly able

to do that.

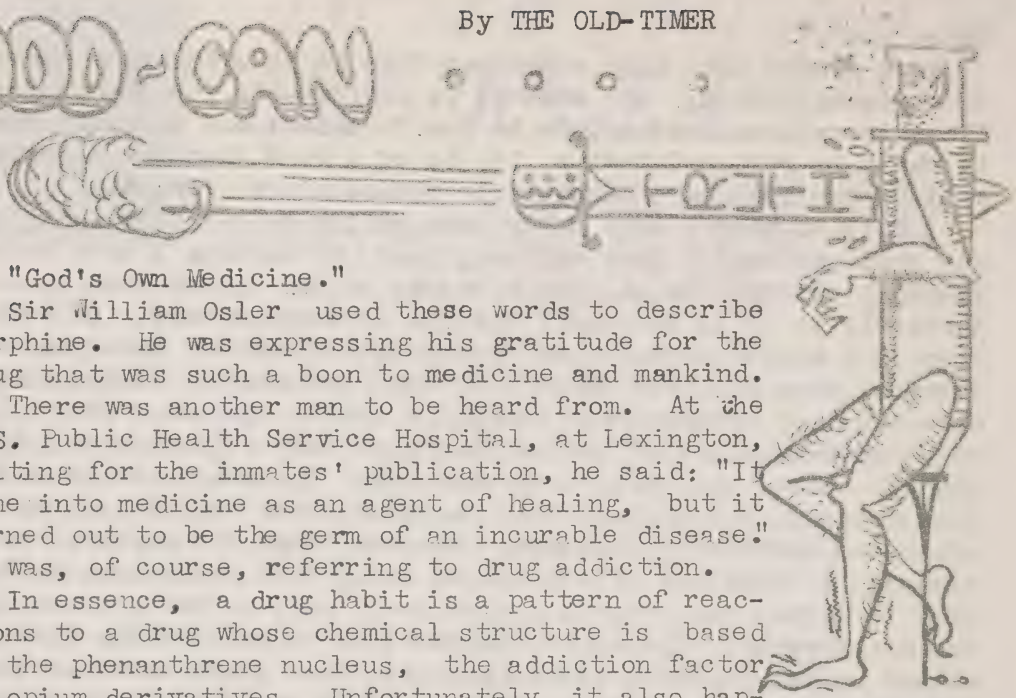
Keen minded men and women may find in my writings a thread of rationalization, or what it is comfortable for them to believe is rationalization. So be it. To them I can only say that if there be rationalization it is of a kind that for me bears another and much more respectable nomenclature: truth.

I believe that I have never been guilty of outright lying in any articles that I have written, and if perhaps I have occasionally painted the picture a degree or two darker than it objectively is it is because I dislike it subjectively. Objectivity is a simple measure to apply to a situation when you are external from it, but when you are involved in living in it even the most clinical eye becomes a trifle glazed. This applies to both sides of the penal penny. When I criticize indignantly about the prison system and the penal situation in Canada today, I am doing it subjectively. For that reason it is often and admittedly overdone. However, when the employed personnel of Canada's prison system today find themselves called upon to defend the program subjectively and, in the process, it too is overdone. There is no fault to be laid at the feet of either unless it be in equal amounts. The plain fact is that there are some glaring and blatant faults in the prison system today and there are also some very good aspects. It is not all bad, neither is it all good. To condemn it entirely as I do is wrong by the light of objectivity and right by the heat and emotion of my own subjectively. To praise it as perfect as others do is also wrong and right for the same reason. If there could be a meeting of the two and a letting down of the mechanisms which lead us to be subjective instead of objective about penology today, I am certain that much could be done toward making Canada the most modern penal country in the world. All the ingredients for a tremendously successful reformative program are here, they have always been here. The trouble lies not in the ingredients but in the manner that they are being employed, in the unrealistic recipe for reform that we have today. In fact, it has come to the point now where what is being done and what should be done are completely unrelated to each other and because of this the result of the penal program on any one inmate today is dismally and accurately predictable.

I will continue to dislike prison and the waste of human life that it involves. It is my right. (Continued page 33)

ADD-ICAN

By THE OLD-TIMER



"God's Own Medicine."

Sir William Osler used these words to describe morphine. He was expressing his gratitude for the drug that was such a boon to medicine and mankind.

There was another man to be heard from. At the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, at Lexington, writing for the inmates' publication, he said: "It came into medicine as an agent of healing, but it turned out to be the germ of an incurable disease." He was, of course, referring to drug addiction.

In essence, a drug habit is a pattern of reactions to a drug whose chemical structure is based on the phenanthrene nucleus, the addiction factor in opium derivatives. Unfortunately, it also happens to be the pain-relieving factor. The two are so interwoven that morphine would not be what it is without this factor.

Chemically, it is easy enough to understand, but the problem is not one of chemistry. Nor is it enough to explain the physiological mechanics of tolerance, habituation and dependence.

A drug habit is merely the surface aspect of a deep-seated, well-defined and firmly-entrenched personality problem, which is satisfactorily compensated by narcotics——after the habit sets in. The true picture does not fit the popular concept—— that of a "thrill-seeker" in quest of "pleasurable experience."

All that the "thrill-seeker" gets from his first "fix" is a serious from of poisoning, Characterized by acute nausea, loss of appetite, headache, fever and vomiting. It is something like the reaction of a boy after his first cigarette, except that the poisoning is more severe with narcotics.

After tolerance sets in, though, the user experiences a sense of well-being, which medicine exaggeratedly calls—— "euphoria." There is no real "pleasure," as such.

The opium derivatives, and especially heroin, have the

regrettable capacity of effectively compensating the underlying condition, by the simple expedient of laying down a roadblock along the pathways of the nervous system, which can block off all undesirable mental and emotional reactions, such as fear, frustration, insecurity, feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, loneliness, emptiness, and the lack of a sense of direction or of a purpose in life. It is these reactions that add up to the signs snd symptoms of the basic condition that sends the would-be addict looking for the "chemical support" he found in heroin, or might have found in the "goofballs" or even alcohol.

To withdraw drugs is merely to return him to the state he was in before he became an addict. Unless, of course, he can find he can use as a substitute.

There is one answer for this. Not necessarily the final one, and not demonstrably the true one, but definitely the most effective to date. This answer is found in the group movements, such as Synanon, Narcotics Anonymous and Add-Can.

Add-Can was started by the inmates of Saskatchewan Penitentiary. Admittedly, like other groups with a parallel program, it may be but a crutch. In reality, its aim is to replace the crutch that was found in narcotics. But it also is a way of life, designed to help the "retired" addict live with himself and with his fellow man. Because the recovered addict learns to get along in the world, which reduces the surface irritations and frustrations, there is reduced abrasion and less wear and tear on the nervous system. A healthier personality has less need of chemical support, and there it is, in its essence.

ADD-CAN has a good record to date. It does not claim to be the final, complete and ultimate answer to the problem of drug addiction. No project can ever be that perfect. The group allows for possible failures——the human element is envolved.

The group now numbers eight, in spite of all the releases. Eight is the maximum figure for effective operation. The present members have one big fact before them at all times. The "Founding Fathers" have proved, for the most part, that the program can work, and allowance is still made for failures.

As group therapy goes, this is far better than anything that either medicine or the law has been able to do so far.

ADD-CAN works. This statement is made on the basis of fact. What other proposed solution to drug addiction can boast of any degree of success, as compared to group movements?

CENTENNIAL BOYS CHOIR

Reviewed by B. Flat.

The inmate body of this institution was treated, last August, to a concert by the Saskatoon Boys' Choir, which performs under the banner of the joint organization for the Saskatchewan Diamond Jubilee and the Canada Centenial Corporation.

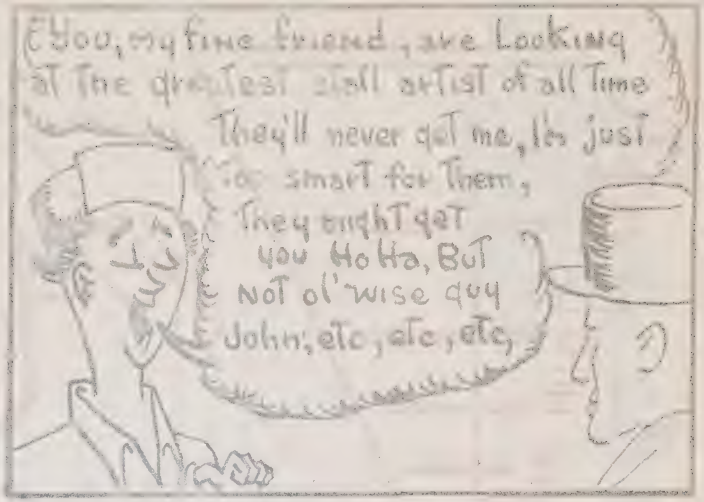
Those of us who appreciate and truly enjoy choral work were amazed by the high degree of professional perfection with which the group——all young lads and all amateurs——performed.

The choir was directed by Mr. Gary Gullickson and managed by Mr. Paul L. Hack, with Mr. Willis MacMillan on the piano. The choir has appeared in all the major cities and centers of Western Canada. It is a versatile choral group and can move with ease and enthusiasm from Classical music to folk songs, and from spirituals to ballads and standards.

The choir numbers seventy, all of whom are between the ages of seven and seventeen, and are well balanced in the four traditional parts: soprano, alto, tenor and bass.

On stage, they were orderly and well disciplined, and they seemed so angelic. We wonder how difficult it is for the manager to handle seventy normal, enthusiastic, highly active and very dynamic youngsters when they are really themselves?

JOHN the CON
VOTE FOR ME! OLD DEM
Wanted MEN For POTATO GANG
APPLY AT DESK
Ya joinin the spud gang this year John?
347


You, my fine friend, are looking at the greatest stall artist of all time
They'll never get me, I'm just too smart for them,
They might get you Ho Ha, But Not ol' wise guy John; etc, etc, etc,

Chee! I wish I was as smart as you JOHN
010

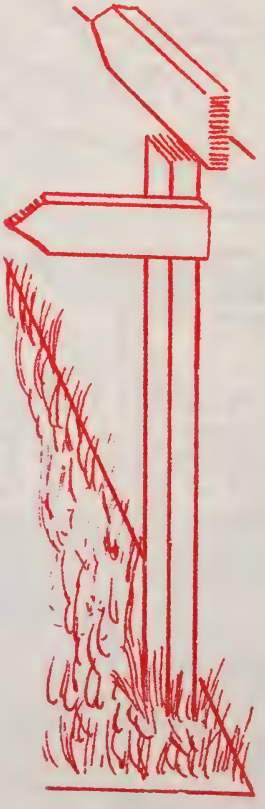
MONDAY
"The first guy That cracks I'll CLOBBER Him!"
A POTATO "G"

Standing alone——the pavement wet
Glisening——dark——a car
Soft wind——black night
The car is gone
Emptiness.

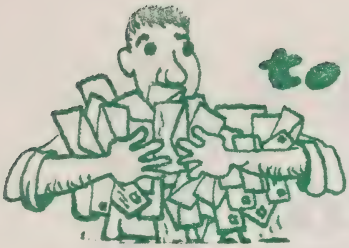
Where am I going?
Why run?
Escape——that is my hope
Escape from nothingness.

To be——to know——to live
I want——always I want
What?

The lights of the city——close
People——thousands of people
Yet I cannot reach——enduring pain
Is hope gone?



don cotham



to the editor

Hi Bill

Just received the July-August issue of the PATHFINDER. Any resemblance between this mag and the one of six months ago is purely coincidental! The improvement is very marked.

I would like to see the back issue with the story on drug addiction in it. From the letters written in, it sounds quite good.

A special mention to Doug Bevans. This guy is a natural writer. Very thought provoking his last asticle. Keep up the good work. V. Patreschilk
Grand Prairie, Alberta

oooooooooo

Dear Editor;

Just received your latest edition of the PATHFINDER and have read it from cover to cover. I must say there are some very interesting and true articles in there. One thing is certain, some people never forget you were once a convict, no matter how hard you try. But maybe things are brighter in the future.
Name withheld Editor
Kitimat B.C.

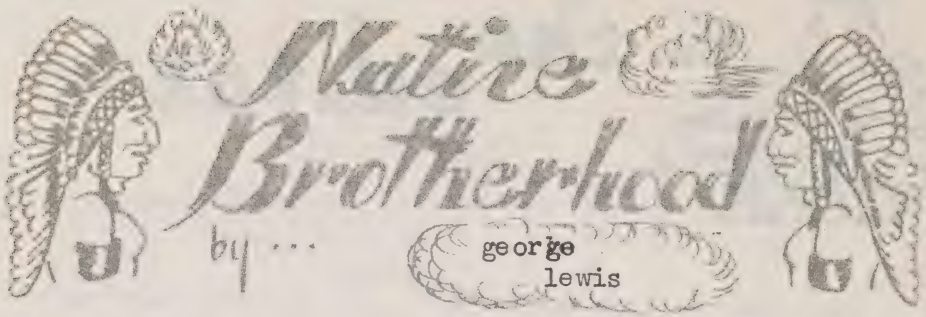
Editor

...I think this book is really a down to earth publication. It makes an outsider wonder how the heck you guys manage in there so well as you do! I really enjoyed the book cover to cover. However I did not read one full page. I do not speak or write French. I think the staff of the PATHFINDER have done a terrific job... Bob Ward
Calgary Alta.

oooooooooo

Hi Billy-

Just a note of thanks to you and all the group there for the great reception you all gave us again this year. Also tell the guys thanks for the billfolds - I hope we can make enough money to fill them up someday. Thanks also for the help with our equipment and setting up the stage. We don't get to play to that good of an audience very often and are looking forward to coming back again soon. I hope everyone enjoyed it. Good luck to you and all the guys there and many thanks again. Buddy Knox.



The Native Brotherhood of Indian and Metis was founded in Saskatchewan Penitentiary on February 21, 1964, as an inmate organization. The original aim was rather hazy, primarily because there was a divergence of opinion during the organization stage as to what the purpose and goal of the association should be. It was not until the Native Brotherhood finally compiled its constitution that its aims were well defined.

In general, the Native Brotherhood stands for the idea of self-improvement of the individual members, simply by having them work together and collectively toward that end. It also undertakes to act for members in any field in which it is authorized to do so, such as contacting the various welfare and after-care agencies, on behalf of the individual member in need of specific help. It assumes the responsibility of speaking for the Indian and Metis whom it represents, if they cannot speak for themselves. And, finally, it has dedicated itself to work with all other organizations in Canada whose goal is the improvement of the destiny and the standards of the native population when and where these organizations will, at all times, have a parallel goal and similar aims.

The Native Brotherhood has made tremendous progress in the short time it has been in existence, and today it boasts of having guest speakers which no other inmate organization in this institution can equal.

For the coming fall and winter season, speakers have been lined up in advance, and most of these are eminent scholars and authorities in their own field. In the past, Professor Zenon Pohorecky, head of the Departments of Anthropology and Archeology, University of Saskatchewan, has been one of the regular speakers. Among other regulars, there has been Miss Pat Uhl, a social science student at the University of Toronto, but is

currently on the Regina campus of Saskatchewan University, as well as the representatives of the various welfare and other agencies, such as the John Howard.

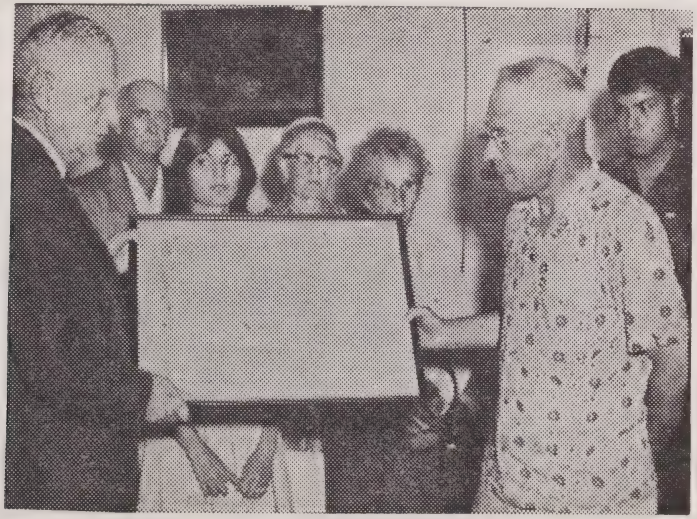
Periodically, films are obtained from the National Film Board, covering pertinent and topical subjects.

Currently, the Brotherhood is planning the entire winter program. It proposes to hold its annual commemorative meeting in February, to which leaders in Indian affairs from all over the country will be invited. It may also hold a native dance at the annual Christmas concert.

Credit for the success of the Brotherhood's programs belongs in a large measure to its friend and sponsor, Mr. Malcolm Norris, who has never failed to attend a meeting except for a period of serious illness. He addresses the members at every meeting, and his talks are educational and informative.

He is a retired civil servant and a geologist, and is currently active in Indian and Metis organizations in the province and across the nation. In the photo below, we see him standing on the right, receiving a framed copy of Canada's Bill of Rights from the Honorable John G. Diefenbaker.

EDITOR'S NOTE:- George Lewis is president of the Brotherhood.



This Photo courtesy of Prince Albert Herald

HOBBIE

The one activity that is most common to penal institutions, anywhere, is cell work handicraft. Some inmates do it for relaxation, and others do it for the money they can make at it. The hobbies of preference vary from one institution to another, with leathercraft being the most popular everywhere. Here, at Prince Albert, petty point follows a close second, with all beginners eventually trying their hand at a Blue Boy. (Photo at left)

Inmates, as well as their relatives and friends, may purchase the products of inmate hobbycrafts, and they will often find some article to their liking and taste that is not available anywhere on the outside, at any price. A recent development in local art is oil painting on black velvet. This form of art must be seen to be appreciated.

Address all inquiries on hobbycraft articles to Mr. Powers, the penitentiary Hobby Officer.

-oooooo-

Each and every institution, penal or otherwise, has its own pinup. Why not Baby Jane Mansfield, with her visible and invisible charms as our own Miss P.A.

PAGE FRANCAISE

par . . . . . yves gagnon

A maintes reprises je me suis posé cette question: ai-je atteint ma maturité?

Apres avoir vécu dans le néant pendant plusieurs années je trouve la tâche très difficile à accomplir, mais avec temps et patience, ça viendra.

Qu'est-ce que c'est, au juste, cette qualité de maturité? Une personne que arrive a l'âge de raison, est elle tellement différente que vous ou moi? J'aimerais vous donner ma definition d'une telle personne, et c'est cette définition que je voudrais mettre en pratique.

Ayant atteint notre maturité, nous developpons l'abilité de s'attacher à nos projets ou à une situation, jusqu'à ce que le tout soit complet. Une personne qui constamment change de travail et d'amis n'est pas, sans doute, une adulte. Cette personne ne peuse faire face à la réalité car elle a la mentalité d'un enfant, et après un certain temps tout semble s'echouer.

Vous savez qu'un enfant, quand il désire quelquechose, il la veut tout de suite, à cet instant, et sans regard pour les conséquences. Dans certaines situations nous, les adultes, nous sommes semblables. Mais si nous avons atteint notre maturité, nous sommes capables d'attendre, car nous comprenons.

La maturité, c'est la capacité de faire face à nos responsabilités, et cela veut dire que nos amis et tous ceux qui nous entourent peuvent dépendre sur nous. En d'autres mots, nous tenons nos promesses. Il nous faut toujours dire ce que nous croyons et croire ce que nous disons.

Le monde est plein de personnes sur qui nous ne pouvons pas se fier. Mais est-ce là une raison pour agir comme des enfants? Non, c'est dans des circônstances semblables que nous allons acquérir un peu plus d'experience et devenir plus sage. S'abstenir dans une telle situation éxige de courage. Et sans courage, il n'y a pas de maturité. Une personne qui ne tient pas ses promesses, et qui est toujours prête à présenter mille et une excuses pour son ignorance, sans se soucier de quoi que ce soit, est selon mon avis dans un sale pétrin. C'est à ce point que ceux d'entre nous qui sont adultes doivent entrer en scene.

short story

PROFUNDITY IN MINIATURE

by doug bevans

Seventy-seven times he pushed the small ball back to the dirty-faced boy at the counter. He had thrown seventy-seven times. He had missed seventy-seven times. He was great, this kid, just great. Great for nothing. Great for everything. Great for throwing the ball seventy-seven times.

The faces flashed through my mind vividly. Grinning faces. Laughing faces. Crying faces. Circus faces. Faces of little boys who threw balls seventy-seven times.

"You want to throw agin', kid?"

"Ain't got no more money, Mister," he said, shifting his feet in the dirt. His feet loved dirt, you could tell just by looking at them.

"Here, go ahead, I'll pay for one this time." Boy, must be goin' crazy, giving away free shots to dirty-faced, tear-on-the-lower-lip kids. Jesus Kid, hit the damn target this time, please. I'd give you a kewpie or a plaster of paris monkey even if you miss, but you'd hate me for it if I did. Not now I mean, but later. No, kid, to get anything you got to play for it and win, you got to get it by the skill of your own dirty hands or it don't mean nothin'. That's straight thinking, I thought, straight as a concrete road. Probably Bull, but I don't know.

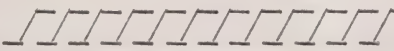
"You sure you want to let me throw again," the kid grinned at me, "I might just win this time."

"Go ahead, you goofy kid, I'll take the chance." Sure, I'll take a chance, you silly and innocent and trusting kid. I already got you for your dollar-fifty haven't I? Sure, I'll take the chance. And you can win and laugh and scream and dance and run and tell your uninterested mammy and I'll still take the chance.

The ball went straight to the target. The bell rung and the kid was a winner. He was a loser but a winner as far as he was concerned. I handed him the horse he had been eyeing magnetically, the one with the crack that was covered by the cheap pinto paint. He looked at me like I'd just handed him the answer to the riddle of life, the horse explained some way to him

the reason behind a twelve year old existence. Crazy kid, anyway.

He walked away from the counter dancing some kind of dance that only he knew the steps to. I watched him. For a long time I watched him. He knew why he was alive. He was a lucky kid.



INSIDE LOOKING OUT, Continued from page 21

I know that I do not write beautifully, and I don't ask that anything I do write be accepted as gospel by any person, but I do demand the right to speak my piece, to make my individual noise. Don't challenge that right or you will be challenging the process of democracy and the sanctity of the beliefs of every individual.

As I leave you this month I give you this to think about: People who believe it is better to be bitter are generally those who have found it harder to be better.

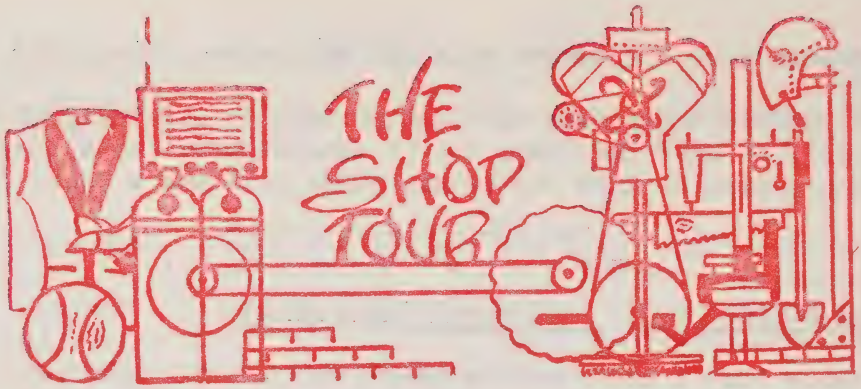
I am, as always, "Inside Looking Out."

STATISTICS FOR JULY-AUGUST, 1965

Admitted on warrant of committal	57
Parolees returned	1
Transferred from other institutions	4
Released on expiration of sentence	64
Released on parole	14
Transferred to other institutions	5
Escapes	1

Count, as of August 31, 1965:

Farm Annex	89
Main Institution	694
Total	783
Other Registry	21
Total Registry	804



don cotham

As you enter this shop you wonder where the old men are, who sit on stools with green eye shades, and set type. They are not there, and your con ept of a print shop turns out to be a false one. You marvel at the cleanliness of the place, because most people associate print shops with ink all over everything, but this is not the case at the print shop in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary.

Mr. Young, the print shop instructor, is a printer by trade, Not only is his name Young, but, as instructors go here at the prison, he is also young in age. However; don't let this fool you, because his ideas are sound, and much improvement has been found in the finished products.

To give you a tour of the print shop we will start with a job coming into the shop and follow it through. The Supervisor of Industries brings a job to the print shop, Mr. Young looks at it to see what has to be done, how many are to be printed etc.; then he fills out the job docket. This job docket will follow the job until completed.

The job first goes to the linotype operators where you will find a model 8 linotype machine which has been in the shop about one year. Next to it we find a model 5 linotype machine. The job next moves on to the composition section. Here you will find case after case of hand set type, a saw trimmer, etc. This is where the forms to be printed are set. This entails designing, as to space and everything that goes to make the job fit a certain paper or customers desires. After the comp men are done with this job it is placed in a galley with a reference number on the docket; then the docket goes to the stock room where the

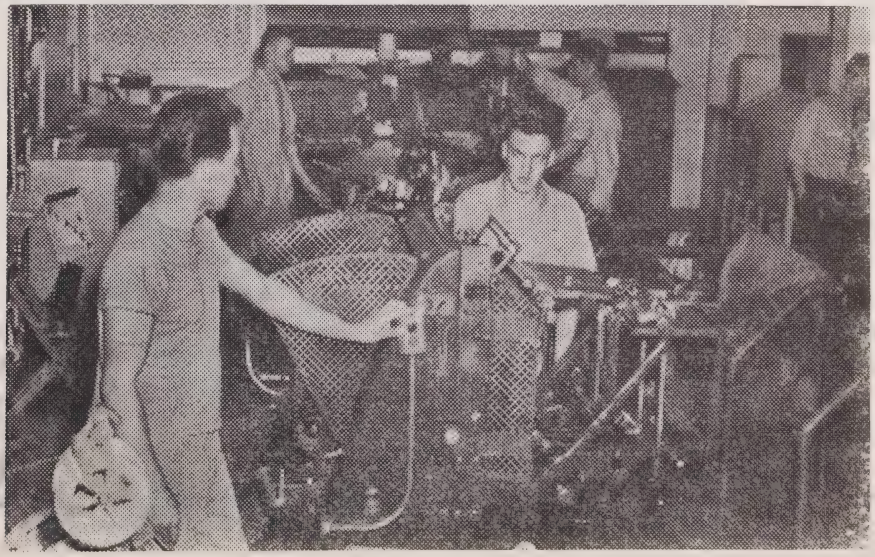
stock is cut. The docket now goes to the lock-up man. He will now determine which press this job will be run on. Then he places the job in a chase so it will fit the press chosen for this job. He has the choice of three presses, a 10 x 15 Heidelberg, a Platen, hand-fed press, and Miehle Vertical. After the job is printed it goes to the binders, if need be. They recover books and gather forms for padding and stapling. The stapling is done on a National Wire Stitcher. You PATHFINDER is also stapled by this machine.

The print shop prints all penitentiary work for the western region. To show what this amounts to we have printed approximately 2,000,000 forms since April 1st, 1965, to August 31st, 1965. Of this, over one third of a million sheets was writing paper to be used by the inmates. We also do custom printing for the John Howard Society, Department of Natural Resources, Salvation Army, and other approved organizations.

I will close this tour by asking Mr. Young a couple of questions.

QUESTION: If a man applies himself and really wants to become a printer, what are his chances to do so in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary?

ANSWER: I would say that if he has the necessary aptitude his chances are very good. There is work and a popular type of equipment here to do virtually any (Continued page 37)



In the Q.T.

For those of you who thought Jerry Cole's short speech, after the election, was brief because he is modest, I would like to expose the fact that Ray had to threaten him, to stop a thirty-seven-page acceptance speech from being read over the P.A. system.

oooooOoooooo

If anyone in here past the age of fifty should get credit for the amount of sports activity they take part in, I think it should be Bob Stevenson, who seems to play all games.

oooooOoooooo

Don Watson has started to take up a petition to have Shindig reinstated on the local T.V. network.

oooooOoooooo

Bob Reid's political career was about as short-lived as one could be. . . I hear they need a commissioner for cribbage tournaments this winter, Bob. Give it another try.

oooooOoooooo

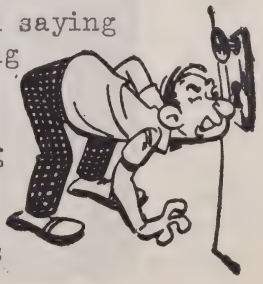
For the supposedly worst movie of the year, Code 7 Victim 5 sure had a lot of rehashers the next day. Eh, Shadow?

oooooOoooooo

We overheard "Fallacious" Ben Skoropat expounding on his distaste for pseudo-intellectuals.

oooooOoooooo

Art Rennie's weight-lifting partner was heard saying that if Art did as much lifting as he did talking he would be the biggest guy in the joint.



oooooOoooooo

Vern Larson was heard to say there is nothing to doing short time——just before walking away directly into a wall.

Till next time . . . . . Us

SHOP TOUR, Continued from page 35
printing in the letterpress job-work-field.

QUESTION: Speaking of the above men, how will they compare with their counterparts that have learned the trade outside?

ANSWER: I think this question can best be answered by saying that the general quality of our work is comparable and, in some cases, better than work produced by job shops outside the penitentiary. This not only applies to the finished appearance of the work, but also the necessary work that is done on every job that is never seen. This consists mainly of linotype and composition work.

QUESTION: Is there anything else you would like to add?

ANSWER: Just one thing, the caliber of some men who, have or are serving time in this shop, can not only meet the general requirements of the industry, but in some cases go beyond this. This alone shows the manner in which some men can and will apply themselves.

So, from the printer's devils, so long.

000ooc000ooo000ooo000ooo000

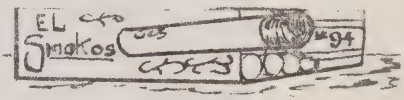
Our on-the-ball photographer, Freddie Shatford, snapped this photo just after the cleaners hung up their mops.

A STRAIGHT STEAL FROM;- THE EYE OPENER

"Mother, I just saw a green snake."
"Leave it alone, dear. It might be just as dangerous as a ripe one."

Two pretty girls met on a street and enthusiastically kissed each other. A young man watched them moodily, then said, "That's the trouble with the world today. Too many women trying to do a man's job.

Some Americans are always in a hurry. . . . They'd rather smoke in bed than wait for lung cancer.



A fugitive scientist from a horror picture dreamed up a serum that brought inanimate objects to life. He tried it out on the statue of a great general. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal.

The scientist was overjoyed. "I have given you life," he exulted. "Now, tell me, what is the first thing you're going to do with it?"

"That's easy." rasped the general, ripping a gun from his holster. "I'm going to shoot two million pigeons."

Gads! our girl
has turned ....
Farmerette.

penal press

mike barber

THE LENS, Lewisburg, Penn.

We have always enjoyed your publication and look forward to each issue. Because of its exceptional literary value, we would like to remark on the enjoyment we got out of NAT WOOD'S poem, "If you must leave me".

oooooo0oooooo

THE M.C. EYE, Marion, Ohio.

Well done! I looked through every word and illustration of your fine little magazine for an explanation on your unusual cover, and consequently read the whole damned thing. Whether this was exactly what you planned or not is insignificant, as I feel I did not waste my time.

oooooo0oooooo

THE PATHFINDER, Saskatchewan, Canada.

The most improved penal publication I have read. I feel you should be commended on the overall appearance of your mag, and the amount of original material therein.

oooooo0oooooo

PRESIDIO, Iowa State Penitentiary.

We enjoyed BOB CHAFFEE'S "Sentence Aftermath" and certainly appreciated the research done to gain the statistics that were used. I'm sure you can imagine the disparity of sentences in the Canadian judicial system, where there is no pre-sentence investigation report whatsoever.

oooooo0oooooo

MARION MESSENGER, Marion Ill.

We have very strong opinions on the subject of your editorial, BUD FICKEN. And, we agree whole heartedly with your opinions on same, especially your opinion that: "After all, an institution of any kind that can't stand honest criticism, hasn't much real substance in the first place."

oooooo0oooooo

MOUNTAIN ECHOES, Stoney Mountain, Manitoba, Canada.

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On the Prowl!!!

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